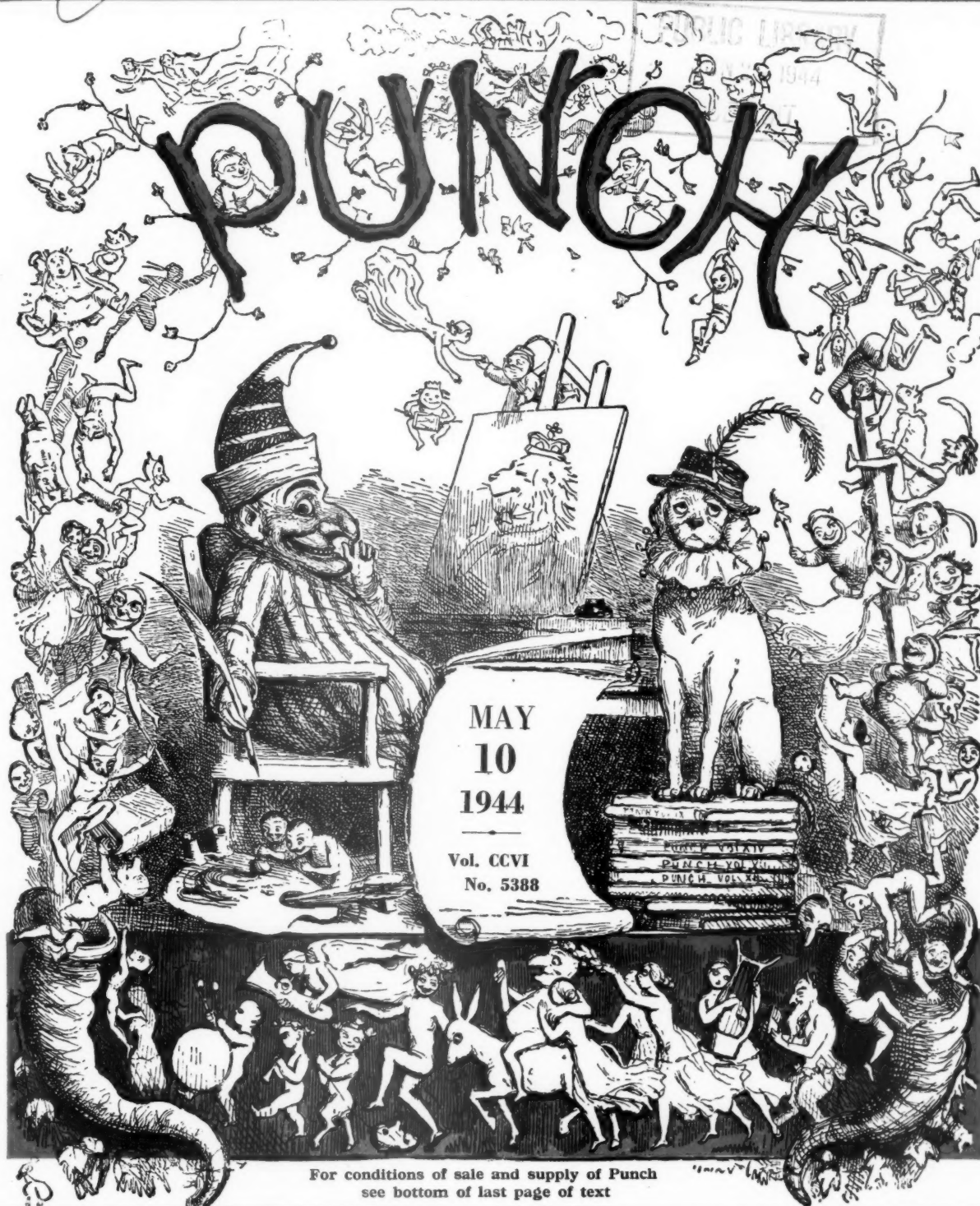


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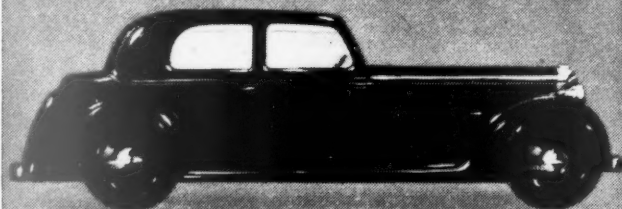


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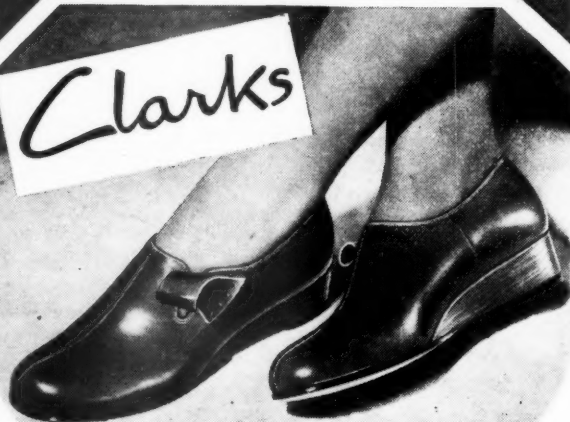
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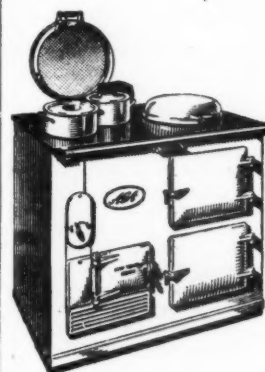
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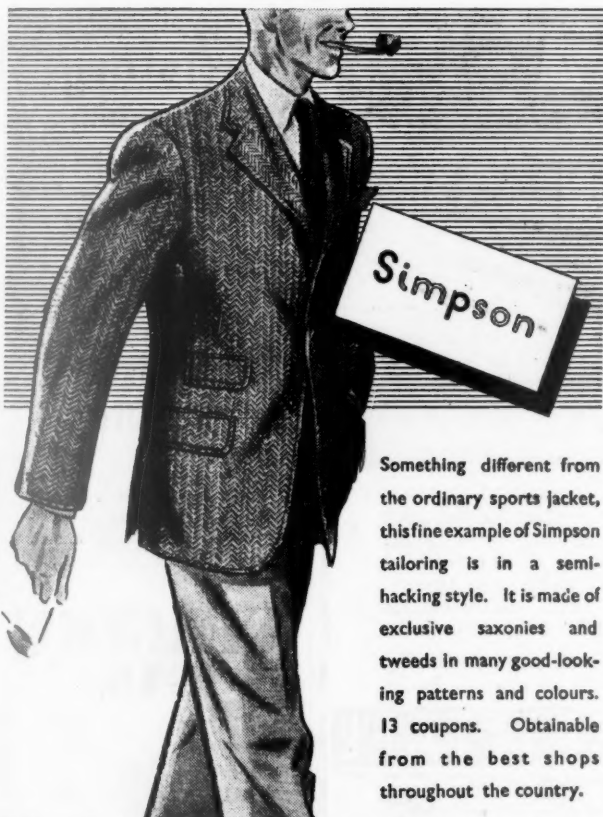


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PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVI No. 5388

May 10 1944

Charivaria

A NEW revolution in Bolivia has failed in its object. The regime it was opposed to was not due till the revolution after.

A psychologist states that people definitely feel colours. Women know this. Their favourite colour is a deep envy.

Visitors to the Royal Academy crowd round the picture of a butcher. It would add to the realism if they queued up.

This Week's Anti-Climax

"By Saturday night £5,348,372 had been invested towards Manchester's target of £12,000,000. Yesterday it was increased by £2 3s. 5d."—*Daily paper.*



The new Italian Cabinet embraces six parties. This is a change from the days when one party embraced the Cabinet.

"Why don't more people take hiking holidays this year?" asks a columnist. Surely the answer is obvious: how would *he* like having to stand all the way?

An American assures us that the whole of England could be contained in a corner of one of the States. It isn't actually, of course; it only seems like it.

A housekeeping magazine says that some washers-up in restaurants can dry a dozen plates at a time. Of course not all of them *have* a dozen.



Look Out, Methuselah.

"Sir John Marriott is still, in his ninetieth decade, unwearingly prolific and, as ever, alert to provide for new historical needs." *Manchester paper.*

A correspondent says that this spring he is having his suit turned, which brings it back to what it was in 1942.

A railway guard complains that his van is inadequate these days for the luggage it is called upon to carry. Can't he persuade one or two of the passengers to move over?

Why Don't We Learn From History? asks a military expert's book-title. We've got into a habit of waiting till the bit we should have learnt comes round again.

President Roosevelt's intervention in Finland's affairs will not surprise many. The Finns have been so openly coveting the veto championship.

A statesman forecasts an era of calm prosperity after the war. Is *nothing* to be the same after the war—not even peace?

One of Hitler's foremost supporters has published a glowing eulogy of the Fuehrer. This may avert a nasty car accident.



Germany need not worry much longer about food. Soon she will be one big sandwich.

The Jap Ambassador is said to be getting the cold shoulder in Berlin. They had to accuse *someone* of getting it.

There is a police court in Saville Row, although the best tailors in the neighbourhood wouldn't dream of mentioning this to any clients with pre-Great-War accounts still overdue.

In Time of Drought

THE Metropolitan Water Board
Has written a letter to me
As full of kindness and old-world charm
As a letter well can be.

The Metropolitan Water Board
Has dropped me a little line
That, though it was penned by a Water Board,
Has warmed my heart like wine.

Brother and brother we helped each other
In perilous times, they say,
Wind or weather we stood together
Three years ago to-day.

And now once more we are facing peril
For the rivers are running dry,
But hand in hand at our post we stand,
The Water Board and I.

Confident into the night we go
And fearless of what may hap,
For not as strangers we face the dangers
That come from a dripping tap.

And I wish that I ever received a letter
And as nice a letter as that
From many a lord of a State-owned Board
Or an Urban Bureaucrat.

This talk of our common brotherhood
Has filled me with delight,
It is not the tone of the Telephone
Nor yet the Electric Light.

The note of praise and the friendly phrase
I never observe, do you?
In the snarling threats—as I pay my debts—
Of the Inland Revenue.

But the Metropolitan Water Board
Has written a letter to me
That forms a link with my scullery sink
And the Thames and the River Lea.

It is sweet as the pipe of an early bird
Or a flower in a woodland path
Or a paper boat that is set to float
On the top of a five-inch bath. EVOE.

Encounter with an Ass

I HAVE rarely seen a man laugh with such abandonment.
“I suppose you’d have found it even funnier,” I
said bitterly, as I brushed myself down, “if I’d fallen
down the last three steps as well and rolled into the gutter?”

“Not a doubt of it,” he said.

“Yes,” I said. “Don’t trouble; I can dust my own
clothes, thank you. And best of all, I dare say, if I’d
turned a complete somersault and broken my neck at the

end of it. That would have pretty well doubled you up,
I should imagine.”

“Now there you’re wrong,” he said, sobering up at once.
“Your judgment’s at fault there, if you’ll pardon me taking
the liberty of saying so. There’s nothing like death for
taking the edge off a good laugh—and so you’d say yourself
if you wasn’t all shook up with the fall you’ve had. And
no wonder. You came a proper purler. Lord, when I see
you come down them steps, heels up and head down like
a proper little old—what’s the word?”

“I’m sure I don’t know,” I said austere.

“Well, never mind what the word was,” he said,
generously waving it aside; “the point is, I had my laugh
and I’m grateful for it. But what I was going to say—
well, come to think of it, what *was* I going to say?”

“Goodness knows,” I told him. “It’s no use expecting
me to help you out each time. If you don’t know how
your sentences are going to end, I can only advise you not
to begin them.”

“Irritable, is it?” he said. “That’s the shock, you see.
Now what you want is just a trifle of whisky, just a trifle.
Nothing like it, I’ve always found, for steadyng you up
after one of those falls. And it was a fall too,” he added,
beginning to chuckle again, “and no ruddy error. One—
two—*blam!* and away she goes.”

“You’ve have a good many falls in your time, have
you?” I asked, brightening a little.

“Falls!” he cried, as though we were introducing a new
subject altogether. “Falls! I should say I have. Noted
for it. Why, I’ve had falls that would make that little
affair of yours look like a—well, I don’t know what they
wouldn’t make it look like.”

“Nor do I,” I said. “Unless it might be a proper little
old whatsisname.”

“Broncho!” he shouted.

“I don’t follow you,” I said stiffly.

“You know,” he said. “Ride ’em, cowboy! All right
behind? Let go the ropes, there! Biff, bang, wallop, and
off he comes. Rodeo-stuff, see?”

“Oh,” I said slowly. “Do you mean that that’s what
my little affair looked like when compared with some of
your little affairs? Because, if so—”

“No, no, no, no, *no!*” he said, with a touch of impatience.
“No, no! You’ve got me all wrong again. When I said
‘like a proper little old Broncho’—I mean when I wanted
to say ‘like a proper little old Broncho,’ only I couldn’t
remember ‘Broncho,’ see? well, when I said that, I wasn’t
comparing *your* little affair to some of the purlers I’ve come
(and I’ve come some purlers in my time, I can tell you).
Oh, no! I was simply saying—I was just remarking—”
He paused and looked searchingly up and down the street
in a puzzled way. “Well, dam and blast me,” he burst out,
“if I can remember what I *was* saying.”

“Never mind,” I said wearily. “I think I know what
you’re trying to say. And now, if you don’t mind, I
ought to be getting along.”

“Not before you’ve had a drink, old man. Hulloo, you’ve
torn your trousers. Nothing like the rip I got in mine
when I fell off Hay’s Wharf, but still a pretty tidy little
tear.”

“Fell off Hay’s Wharf?” I muttered, trying to see the
back of my thigh without losing my balance. “I didn’t
know it was the sort of thing one could fall off. You’ll
be telling me next you once took a fearful toss down
Wapping Old Stairs.”

“Well,” he said, “and why not? I’ve as much right to
take a toss down Wapping Old Stairs as the next man, I
should hope. If you don’t believe I ever fell off Hay’s
Wharf, ask Charlie Summers. He’ll tell you. Or Bert



THE KING'S GARDEN



"He SAID if he took this camouflage job on he'd have to do it in his own way."

Richards and old Nosey Parkinson. They saw me do it. Caught my foot in one of those what-d'-you-call-'ems and went clean over backwards into the mud. Laugh? I thought old Nosey would have a recurrence the way he was going on."

"Recurrence?" I asked, though heaven knows I didn't care.

"Ah," he said. "His hip used to come out of joint—easy as pulling a cork out of a bottle. *Plop!* it used to go, and there he was. 'You mind that old point-to-point of yours, Nosey,' I said to him when I got my head clear of the mud. That quietened him a bit—till he caught sight of my trousers. Ask any of them. They'll tell you."

"I'm sorry," I said. "It was only that I didn't realize Hay's Wharf and Wapping Old Stairs were really wharves and stairs. I mean I thought they were just—well, names, like the Isle of Dogs and Lincoln's Inn Fields and so on. If you see what I mean."

He pushed his hat to the back of his head and stared at me as if at least one of us had taken leave of his senses.

"Well, blow me down!" he said at last. "What d'you think Cleopatra's Needle is, then? A sewing machine?"

It seemed to me there was no point in pursuing this idiotic discussion. But the word "needle" reminded me of my trousers and in a desperate attempt to see the extent of the damage I incautiously leaned over backwards too far.

This time the man was shaken by such tumultuous gales of laughter that for a while I seriously hoped it might kill him. He clung to the railings, stamping his left foot in an ecstasy of enjoyment, and in the end the paroxysm passed.

"Lord!" he gasped. "If you aren't a blooming wonder! You've got the trick of it all right, you have. However did you come to do it?"

"I had a recurrence," I said shortly.

"You're right there," he said warmly. "You'd have finished off old Nosey all right if he'd had the luck to be standing by. But whatever made you want to lean over backwards for?"

"I wished to see," I explained, keeping my temper, "how badly my trousers were torn."

"Oh, *that!*" he said, and once again abandoned himself to a tempest of mirth. "Why, that was just my gammon. Your trousers are as right as—well, as mine."

For the life of me I could think of no retort that wasn't either cheap, or vulgar, or both. So I made one or two of each kind and wished him good day.

"Careful as you step off the kerb," he shouted after me, rolling about again in appreciation of his own wit.

I wish I could say that I stepped straight into the road under the wheels of an oncoming lorry. At least it would have taken the edge off his laugh. But, for some inexplicable reason, I didn't.

H. F. E.

H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

THE following fragment came about in the course of a family expedition to the Geological Museum. We put down stools at 8.30 A.M. and then went away to have a snack, but as we had had breakfast before we left home, a dispute arose as to what meal we were eating. It was earlier than well-bred families are apt to lunch and we finally decided to call it "nineses," sending an express letter to the editor of the *Oxford Dictionary* so that if questioned we could prove that a neologism not a solecism was what we had committed. To write this letter we had to buy a box of notepaper, but as the children were bent on making paper arrows of the remainder, I wrote drama on it to make it sacrosanct and inviolable.

LITTLE PARTINGTON AND HIS CLEVER MONGOOSE DOUBLEDAY

(The scene is behind in a theatre. Behind is filled with trailing wires, slats of wood, ropes and MR. LIONEL, the stage manager, with his staff.)

MR. LIONEL. It says "Act IV, Scene III, The Heart of Holborn, Circa 1751." I take it that will be a circus, only with all the performers of the female sex. Now have we got plenty of tan? The ring is easy, only a little bit of fencing that the carpenter could make.

OWD FRED. They makers-uppers have some tan; all stowed away in jars it be; but Owd Fred knows where they keeps 'un. When night falls he will up with his little auger and Mr. Lionel shan't go short of nowt.

A SOUBRETTE. Has anyone seen my pearls? It isn't the value of them, you know, but the fact that they were given to me by a lord lieutenant.

MR. LIONEL. There were some hanging on a nail here this morning. Now what about Act IV, Scene IV, The Napoleonic Wars?

ELECTRICIAN. It would save expense if we just had a row of floodlights on the stage all shining their hardest at the audience. If the author wrote in a line about the sun being in the eyes of the enemy that would cover it.

MR. LIONEL. We had better have a bugle as well. Neighing horses would be too expensive, but we can explain their silence by having the author write in a line to say they were muffled to deceive the foe.

PROPS. If you want any help with the plot I've just been to an auction and bought a hand-loom and two fishing-rods. I shouldn't be surprised but what the author could weave a scene or two round those.

MR. LIONEL. I should think we have enough scenes. Anyway we can see when we come to the dress rehearsal.

Enter the HERO and HEROINE

HERO. Young man, I trust you will remember to place buttons on the rapiers in the duel scene.

MR. LIONEL. Well, we've tried various kinds of buttons but it's so difficult to make them stay on. I suppose corks wouldn't do, would they? You could palm them and slip them on while you are taking snuff just before you begin.

HERO. Not being a conjurer I haven't the faintest intention of palming anything.

MR. LIONEL. Well, perhaps we had better change it to pistols.

HERO. Seeing that the fight is timed to take ten minutes . . .

MR. LIONEL. But you could have a number of shots at him. HERO. I am the hero, sir, not the villain. [Exit

HEROINE. In the scene where I entertain Dr. Johnson and show that though beautiful I am also clever, surely he should pay me a compliment of some sort and not merely say "Madam, so would a Barbary ape."

MR. LIONEL. Well, the author's already rewritten that scene once because the management objected to Sir Christopher Wren, as actors always expect to be paid more for a titled rôle; but I'll see what I can do. [Exit HEROINE

Enter PROMPTER

PROMPTER. I really am working hard this time; I think I shall know the lines by the night.

MR. LIONEL. Tillings will understudy you. He's got minor parts in most of the scenes, but if you're ill he will have to do the prompting on the stage behind his hand or something. What's bothering me now is the prologue. We ought to have one, but the author says he'll charge extra for it. I shall have to do it myself. Take this down somebody:

The play which you are now about to hear
Has intervals at roughly every hour.
It took the author seven months to write.
He is a Registrar of Births and Deaths
And Marriages and holds a record for
The cultivation of asparagus.
This play is not his first, but not before
Has one of his been publicly performed.
I will no longer stay, and when you go away
You may, we hope, say that you like the play.

There's nothing like a couplet at the end; it makes the audience feel that they are making headway.

Enter the AUTHOR

AUTHOR. I hope it's not too late for a change. Act IV, Scene II, line 351, full-stop to semi-colon.

MR. LIONEL. How the blazes do you think I can concentrate? You keep quiet. That's in your contract, so stick to it.

Enter BOX OFFICE MANAGER

BOX OFFICE MANAGER. It's going to be a wow. All the libraries are interested and we've never had even a nibble from the Bodleian before.

FINIS

o o

Nature's Kindly Law

"ILLOGICAL women!" I sighed when a lover.
It seemed such a pity . . . so pretty and active
And yet undiscerning. But now I discover
They have to be silly to find men attractive.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

At the Pictures

GLEANINGS

AFTER half an hour of mingled boredom and irritation I left what had seemed the most promising of the newer pictures, *The Hour Before the Dawn*, in a state of grievous astonishment that Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM should have gone so far as to lend it even the shadow of his approval (he is photographed writing his name on the manuscript of the novel, as a background for the credit titles). For this fortnight's article, which goes to press before I have been able to see *Fanny By Gaslight* and other hopeful efforts which are probably showing as you read it, the best thing seems to be to glean: to write about two or three of the films still showing at the moment which I have not mentioned before but which seem to deserve notice more than any of those that have appeared since I last wrote.

We will begin with the oddity called *A Guy Named Joe* (Director: VICTOR FLEMING). This is the one about the solid ghosts, the one that slides smoothly from solemn sentimental melodramatic dialogue about Life and Death to moments of almost knockabout farce. Without SPENCER TRACY, what would it be? Perhaps hardly bearable; but his extreme skill and the impression of his large and sincere personality make nearly all his scenes, at least, a pleasure to watch. He appears as the pilot who in life was a "grand-standing windbag," who had "hero-hunger" and was addicted to "lone-wolfing," and who comes back invisibly after death—they all do, it seems—to be a back-seat driver with another man. They share one girl (IRENE DUNNE) between them.

This is an entertaining piece enough; the worst of it, as I have implied, is the sentimental, melodramatic fake-philosophy poured out by LIONEL BARRYMORE as a kind of celestial

commanding officer, and by the earthlings whenever they get the chance. But as far as I could judge the audience loved it: melodrama, farce, fake-philosophy, swimming eyes and all.

Then we come to a spectacular period Western, in colour, which has exciting bits and is often good to look at: *Buffalo Bill* (Director: WILLIAM A. WELLMAN). It was perhaps only to remind us that there really was a Buffalo Bill Cody that they decided to use here and there a word or two of spoken commentary; but the illusion is certainly not improved when all the commentator says is, for instance, "And so the lady from the east became the bride of the man from the west," which we could perfectly well have understood from the picture without being told by any off-screen voice. However, the great point here is the spectacle: the riding, the shooting, the fighting with the Indians, and the rest of the embroideries on the well-known pattern. There are magnificently impressive scenes, with colour beautifully and sometimes imaginatively used. (A short and comparatively pale scene remains in my memory: a little group of angry and resentful Indians standing on a huge desolate plain strewn with buffalo-skulls.) Indoors, the familiar conventions of this Western are apt to become as tiresome as usual; but in the open air little goes wrong. JOEL MCCREA is a convincing and authoritative figure as "the best shot, the best scout, the best man in the west," in the eighteen-seventies.



[A Guy Named Joe]

THE PRESENCE

Dorinda	IRENE DUNNE
Pete	SPENCER TRACY
Ted	VAN JOHNSON



[Buffalo Bill]

THE INITIATIVE

Louisa	MAUREEN O'HARA
Buffalo Bill	JOEL MCCREA

Finally a lump of sugar, an unimportant piece of pure entertainment—if this is the sort of thing that entertains you. *Melody Inn* (Director: GEORGE MARSHALL). I guiltily admit is the sort of thing I find it hard to resist myself. I like skilfully-done farce with music and dancing. This too is in colour, and it incidentally burlesques some of the conventions of the Western, working up to an exceedingly funny and uproarious chuck-wagon race (they tell you what a chuck-wagon is) at the end. With DOROTHY LAMOUR, DICK POWELL, VICTOR MOORE (excellent as usual) and wads and wads of counterfeit money. R. M.

Lady Addle's Domestic Front

Bengers, Herts, 1944

MY DEAR, DEAR READERS,
—With what relief I turn this week from meat to game—from the fetid atmosphere of the butcher's shop to the heather-scented grouse-moor, or our own delightful covers—the thickest and most luxuriant in England, I believe. (The brambles are so long one can sit on them easily.) Nevertheless, if last week's article helped one poor housewife to baste her joint with a stouter heart I am rewarded.

My own family have always loved sport. My father was a crack shot, and I have often seen him take a right and left at a runner and get it with the second barrel. My brother Crainy, if he had ever learnt to fire two or three minutes earlier each time, would have been more brilliant still. Even Mipsie shot occasionally, though she really preferred sitting beside one of the guns, especially in Scotland, where the lonely butts appealed to her love of nature.

Butts! The very word brings a pang, for my dear Margaret had her big—perhaps I should say her only—romance in one of these sequestered spots, when Billy Bynde-Wede (Lord Groundelder's second son) was staying with us in Scotland just before this war. I knew love had dawned for my daughter, because she flushed up so whenever he approached her. And I felt sure it must be the same with him, although he spent all his time talking to a silly niece of Addle's—Di McClutch—with only surface prettiness, whereas for Margaret's beauty you have to look extremely deep. But I know how often this behaviour is a blind with the young, so I contrived one morning, when the guns were being directed by my husband, to push Margaret into the butt with Billy at the last moment, at the same time pulling back Di on the plea of asking after her parents. When we had passed I looked back. Billy was happily gazing at the horizon. Evidently he did not object to the change. My dear Margaret was blushing prettily with excitement.

What happened then I only learnt later. It seems that after a long silence Billy suddenly said "I say, I meant to ask you yesterday, will you marry me?" Overcome by these passionate words Margaret felt herself going crimson with joy, and she shut her eyes, trying to recover her composure before answering. When she opened them—Billy had gone! He

evidently took her hesitation for a refusal, for in a fit of pique he got engaged to Di that same evening. It was a sad end to the day, especially as it produced a record bag, I remember, of 960 brace of grouse and 427 black-game—but not, alas, a husband for Margaret.

My love of sport has led me far from Domestic Fronts. But game is no longer our daily fare (though Mipsie tells me she gets plenty—but of course she is a brilliant housekeeper), so hints on cooking it seem out of place. But rabbits are occasionally obtainable, so I will tackle them.

The best way to skin a rabbit is to get your gardener to do so. If you have none, ask one of the tradespeople, who I find are always so obliging and kind. But how to cook them when skinned? (The rabbits, I mean.) They are rather tasteless creatures and don't go very far with feeding a large number. I will tell you how I got round this the other day.

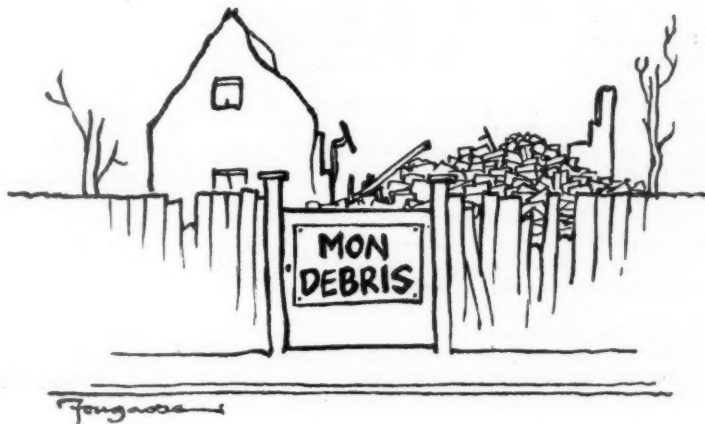
First I jointed my rabbit and rolled each piece in powdered ginger. Then wrapped them in strips of tripe and baked them. It was a highly successful dish both from the culinary and the economical angle. For my evacuees ate every scrap of tripe, leaving only the rabbit, which I minced and served up later in the week as savoury mock chicken croquettes. What was left of these (quite a lot, it happened, because my evacuees had had baked beans for tea, they told me, so weren't hungry) I put as a stuffing in a ginger sponge which I bought in a packet. Again, every bit of the sponge was eaten, and I was delighted to have the rabbit for my all-too-meatless pig bucket.

The mention of pigs recalls a story of a very narrow escape I once had.

In 1905 we went to stay with the Archduke and Archduchess of Lotharia for the wild pig hunting, which was supposed to be wonderful sport. Archduke Blotto was then about seventy, and considered by half Europe to be mad—a shocking calumny on the kindest of men, who had only one harmless foible—that he always imagined himself to be some animal or bird. Sometimes at dinner he thought he was a dog, and a bone was served to him in an exquisite gold dish on a beautiful Persian rug in front of the fire. Sometimes it was a less convenient animal, such as a giraffe, necessitating a long step-ladder with a basket of straw at the top. Out hunting he was usually a bird, and would just sit in the saddle and twitter. One day, however, his fancy took a more dangerous turn.

I had somehow outstripped the others, I remember, and was waiting for them to come up with me, revelling in the clear warm day, and admiring the traditional hunting costumes of primrose velvet, when suddenly I heard an extraordinary sound behind me, and looking round, I saw to my horror the Archduke approaching, snorting and snuffling like a wild pig. I realized with an icy thrill that he was heading straight for me.

It was an awful moment. If it hadn't been for the five attendants who never left him night or day, and who now closed in on him and drew his horse away from mine, I shudder to think what might have happened. A few moments later all danger was past. Archduke Blotto once more thought he was a bird, and—as though to recompense me for my fright—trotted up and with a touching gesture dropped a worm into my lap. M. D.





"Four double whiskies, failing that four singles,
failing that four gins, failing that four beers, failing
that anything you like."

The Phoney Phleet

XLIV—H.M.S. "Cockbill"

THE first fundamental of nautical skill—
The thing that our sailors imbibe from their
nannies—
The cardinal basis is this: that they will
Tie decent respectable knots, *never* grannies.

But even this standard has gone by the board,
The Navy is suffering war-time dilution,
And cases occur in which innocent cord
Is knitted in knots beyond human solution.

In H.M.S. *Cockbill*, a cruiser, there lurked
A threat to the nation called Algernon Skinner,
And ropes upon which comrade Algie had worked
Made comrade Laocoön look a beginner.

He tangled his scarf in a knot round his neck
Which skilled engineers were unable to sever.
He lashed up his hammock—and slept on the deck.
(When Algie lashed hammocks he lashed them for ever.)

How then did it happen (and well may you ask)
When *Cockbill* was visiting Rio con Fetti
That Algie, of all men, was given the task
Of tying the ship to the end of the jetty?

Was it culpable negligence? Rule 18B?
Was the captain allergic to farewell orations?
Was it pure xenophobia? Felo de se?
Amnesia? Treachery? Gout? Palpitations?

I don't know the answer, I don't even care,
I stick to the facts of how *Cockbill* departed.
The mayor and the whole population were there
Making speeches and singing and being big-hearted.

The appropriate orders were shouted—and heard.
A sense of expectancy, almost uncanny,
Descended on everyone. Nobody stirred—
Including the ship; she was tied with a granny.

From the hooter and captain there issued a blast
Which paralysed even the stokers with terror.
But Algie had done it. The *Cockbill* was fast.
Then once again somebody fell into error.

Yes. Someone said "Full speed astern, and we're clear,"
And 5,000,000 h.p. surged into motion.
The *Cockbill* departed. But so did the pier
Projecting the populace into the ocean.

Was Algernon smacked on his sensitive spots?
Was he pulped? Was he trodden as flat as a wafer?
He wasn't. Since officers never tie knots,
They made him an officer. Kinder (and safer).

Furniture

FROM time to time my readers, knowing of my interest
in those small aspects of life we are always coming up
against, have suggested that I give them a few words
on the subject of furniture.

Furniture, then, may be defined as something we are
always coming up against. It is made, on the whole, of
wood, and it has been in existence for centuries. Indeed,
to understand why furniture came into existence it is
necessary to go back to primitive days and to visualize
primitive man living in a cave. Primitive man had no
furniture, so we must try to visualize what he sat on
instead of a chair; and I am willing to bet that what my
readers visualize primitive man sitting on is a packing-case.
It is therefore no good bringing primitive man into this
article, and we had better begin again by looking at
furniture as we know it to-day, taking into account the
fact that some furniture is old and some new. We
can tell which is which because old furniture looks old
and new furniture looks new. I think this is all my
readers want to know about furniture in general. Now
for the facts.

First, tables. A table is what philosophers call an
essential item of furniture, because even philosophers
realize that people cannot very well get along without
one. It may be big, small, square, round or some fancy
shape, and it may have from one to any number of legs.
This may sound like an overestimate, but I am basing it on
the well-known fact that if a number of people sit down to
an average-sized table it will be obvious to all of them
that each has been given a place directly opposite one of
the table-legs. It is safe to say that if an average-sized
table has only one leg, I mean only one leg in the middle,
then it must be what is technically called an antique; that
is, made in the days before quite normal people put both
elbows on the table at meal-times. The basic or functional
table has of course one leg at each corner, but if it is
made with a leaf in the middle then there may be a cluster
of legs in the middle to support where the leaf would be if
it was in.

ONCE more Britons are going forth to the assault against the German enemy as they have against foreign enemies in the past. And if we cannot all man the tanks and guns, pilot the planes and sail the ships, we can all take part in this mighty effort. To those who must stay behind we say

PLEASE

send a donation to Mr. PUNCH'S COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

Mention of table-leaves reminds me of one very interesting psychological fact. No leaf has ever been put in any table without someone explaining, *throughout the process*, that there is only one way of doing it so that you get the leaf right in instead of sticking up one end. Another interesting psychological fact is that when a leaf is put in any table the leaf will be seen to be of a different texture from the rest of the table; and whether it has a more or less polished surface is as good a show-up of a household as has yet been devised. The only other thing I have to say about tables is that the shape has no significance unless it is octagonal, and that only means that the designer wanted it round but was feeling modern.

Next to tables, chairs are perhaps the most essential kinds of furniture. A chair consists of a seat, back and legs, but sometimes it has arms too, when it is known as an arm-chair. There are two sorts of arm-chair: one has arms people can sit on and feel both comfortable and guilty, the other has the opposite result; although, so definitely has human nature been brought up to believe that it is cruel to arm-chairs to sit on their arms, this effect is not so much the absence of guilt as the replacement of this guilt by a positive defiance towards the chair-maker. It is of course the seat of an arm-chair which is meant to be sat on; but human nature's upbringing about sitting on arm-chair arms has given it the idea that even an arm-chair seat should not really be sat on, and thus we get people saying they prefer ordinary chairs or even the floor, or sitting on the extreme edge of an arm-chair if they are forced into one, or, if they do get right inside it, exclaiming (to conciliate the chair-maker) how comfortable it is. Sofas have much the same psychological complications, but ordinary chairs have no complications at all, and when anyone sitting on one exclaims how comfortable it is we may be sure that the only people being conciliated are the people in the arm-chairs.

My readers may be wondering why I have not put beds higher on the list of essential furniture. This is because beds, while essential, are not exactly furniture, the only visible bits being the head of the bed and the foot, assuming it is the sort of bed with a head and a foot; indeed it is strictly only the foot of the bed which is visible, the head being invisible from the bed itself and noticed only when the bed-maker is up that end tucking in as much bottom sheet as has come away from the foot of the bed. But the foot of the bed can be extraordinarily interesting to anyone lying in bed, especially when it has brass knobs, because the person lying in bed can speculate whether the knobs unscrew without having any intention of trying. All such brass knobs do unscrew, by the way, but no one knows why, unless it is to encourage people trying to unscrew some other kind of brass knob. Mention of unscrewing knobs reminds me that the main feature of a slap-up dressing-

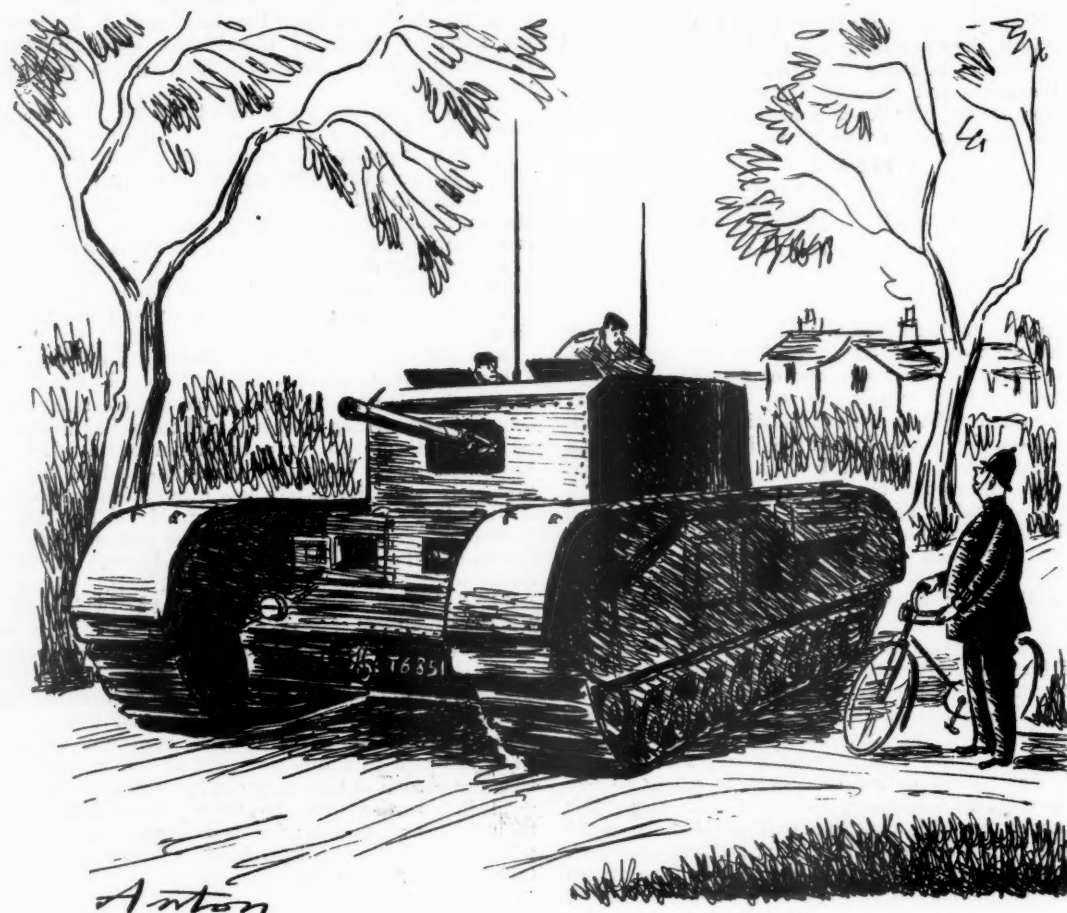
table, that is, one with a looking-glass attached, is that it is possible to adjust the looking-glass by screwing the knob or handle at the side for some minutes and then putting an old half-comb between the side and the looking-glass.

As for a slap-up wardrobe—the kind with a carved hollow on top which collects dust by the process used for water in dew-ponds—the main feature here, as with arm-chairs, is human nature's upbringing. Human nature is brought up to believe that if the door jams it is because the wardrobe is hoping to trick human nature into opening it suddenly and bringing the wardrobe down on itself. Thus it is that half the effort of opening a jammed wardrobe door goes into pushing the rest of the wardrobe against the wall. Psychologists say they would do the same themselves.

Now for some less essential items of furniture. Many a home holds a writing-desk, and the chief value of a writing-desk is its moral force. To enter a room and see someone at a writing-desk is to feel compelled to apologize and theoretically to leave the room again. Humanity has found this a bit of a boomerang, and on the whole prefers to write its letters less ostentatiously, so that a writing-desk is mainly a place to tidy things into; but perhaps its greatest attraction is the two supports which can be pulled out to hold the flap steady or to convince the owner what a wonderful writing-desk it is. Piano-stools fall into the same category, except that to twiddle a piano-stool is usually to find that it needs oiling. Piano-stools may also be used as occasional tables, but they are not really the same thing. Occasional tables, as my readers well know, are the least essential items of furniture known to mankind. They are called occasional tables, as my readers also well know, because they happen now and then. They are kept in a different part of a room from where they are needed so that they can be carried about to show goodwill towards visitors, but there is a rule that they must be put back afterwards; for there is no piece of furniture whose place in a room is so fixed as that of an occasional table, unless it is all the other pieces.



"Not you . . . !"



"Well, it depends. Do you want to go by the shortest route or the prettiest?"

A Civilian Shaves in War Time.

... And now, from cloudie Dawn unloos'd, the Sun
Triumphal scatter'd o're expectant Earth
His nascent Beames. Hee from the genial Bed
(Forsaking *Eve*, his fairest mate) arose
And swift to Cell ablutionarie made
His custom'd way. Anon, the candid Bowle
Receiv'd what limpid Streeme from Geyser flow'd,
Or latent Tube with slow combustion joynd
Of igneous Ore, deepe in the veined earth
Min'd by heroick Pioners, and Youth
By *Bevin's* lot enrowld, where duskie *Tyne*
Mov'd onward through the gray *Northumbrian* Vale,
Or where besides the hidden Treasures lay
'Neath *Eboracum* and the *Cambrian* shore.
Soe hee in haste, with eeger Hande outstretcht,
Compos'd the threefolde Engin, temper'd edge
Of slotted Steele, by subtille prong and guard

Innocuous made, yet keenlie apt to reap
The crescent Beard; which Labour done, with oyle
And unguent Greese by sterile Bristle whipt
To saponaceous Fome, incontinent
Hee straight besmeard his Face. Let none admire
That long hee toyld in vain. The antick Toole
(Sad Instrument of all his woe), through Dearth
Of impious War and Turmoyle unrenew'd,
Scrap'd impotent. As when along the Lawne
Of *Hilltop*, *Okengates* and *Restawhyle*,
Or what domains, detach by halfe, or whole,
In *Penge* or *Tooting Bec* displaie their Name,
The whirring Engin mooves: the tender Herbe
In Rack or Wheele inextricably mix'd
Delaies its onward Course or quite arrests:
Soe on his horrid Chin reluctant staid
The unresponsive Steele. . . .



THE ANNIVERSARY

"What did you say?"

"I was only wishing you many happy returns, mein Fuehrer."

[On May 10th 1940 the German armies marched triumphantly into Belgium, Holland and Luxemburg.]

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, May 2nd.—House of Lords: Plenty of Homes for Heroes Promised.

House of Commons: Budget Debate Continued.

Wednesday, May 3rd.—House of Commons: Surprises.

Thursday, May 4th.—House of Commons: Odds and Ends.

Tuesday, May 2nd.—As we all wait for the Big Surprise the United Nations are to spring on A. Hitler and Co., life (and not least Parliamentary life) is full of Little Surprises.

Probably it is that—so truly reflecting the life we all lead these days—which makes Parliament so fascinating and truly representative a place to the discerning. However that may be, there have been Little Surprises in plenty this week.

One would think, from his very formal Parliamentary "uniform," that Mr. ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER would know *all* about Parliament and its etiquette. Apparently not, for he asked Mr. Speaker's advice to-day as to just what was a "learned" Member, what was a "gallant" Member, and so on.

The word "learned," he complained, was applied to anyone connected with the law, however obscure the individual. The word "gallant" went without question to all who held His Majesty's Commission. Yet, he argued, it was possible to be gallant without holding a Commission. He did not add that it was also possible to be learned without being a lawyer, but no doubt he meant it.

Mr. Speaker asked for notice of the question, adding cautiously that he had always understood a "learned" M.P. was a K.C., a "gallant" one one who had taken part in active service.

Scarce had this ruling been given than there entered one to whom both appellations apply—Major MONTAGU LYONS, who is also a K.C., Conservative Member for Leicester and Recorder of Grimsby. But this was no ordinary entry. Normally he slips quietly in, asks his questions, makes his speeches, folds his notes and as silently steals away. Not to-day. For the Major LYONS of yesterday was no more—in his place was Colonel LYONS, complete with the most dazzling red tabs seen in this curiously tab-less House.

When they had recovered from their surprise (for the Major is not given to careless talk, and the secret of his promotion had been well kept) they showered congratulations:

Then the Foreign Secretary, Mr. EDEN, announced that an agreement had been made with Spain under which wolfram supplies to Germany would be cut down and spying facilities for Germans in Spanish territory would be cut out. All very satisfactory. But Mr. STOKES rashly hazarded the opinion that if 20 tons of wolfram was 20 per cent. of the exports, then 40 tons was 40 per cent. Mr. EDEN bowed in silent submission to such mathematical genius, hesitated a moment in conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, then rose and announced gravely that that authority "was good enough to confirm his honourable friend's calculation."



OUT OF THE DARKNESS

Lord Portal exhibits a novel scheme for living above ground.

Mr. STOKES, always sporting in these matters of humour, led the laugh.

Mr. ATTLEE, Deputy Prime Minister, was loudly cheered when he announced that arrangements had been made to broadcast the speech Mr. MACKENZIE KING, Canadian Prime Minister, is to make to Members of both Houses soon.

Lord ADDISON, over in the Lords, was smitten with the curious ambition to set aside (as they say in the Courts) the time-honoured house-names of "Mon Repos" and "The Limes" in favour of the topical one of "Portal's Priorities." This revolution he sought in honour of Lord PORTAL, Minister of Works, who is to provide our new Homes for Heroes. They will be steel, "prefabricated," with four rooms apiece, h. and c., and every mod.

conv. Eventually they will be created at the rate of 2,500 a week. Their life is to be limited (by law rather than by Nature) to ten years or so in order that, the post-war demand having abated, these "temporary" dwellings shall not outstay their welcome.

Yet even if relatively brief life is here their portion, the houses are to be made as comfortable and good-looking as possible.

Wednesday, May 3rd.—The "Surprise - the - M.P. Week" went on. Captain CROOKSHANK (whose third Christian name is COMFORT) shocked M.P.s by suggesting that they could help things a good deal if they, and their constituents, kept their telephone talks shorter.

But the Shock of the Week (as the B.B.C. would doubtless put it) came from Dr. MORGAN. For untold years Ministers have telescoped answers to several questions on the same topic, but still preface the act with the formally polite phrase: "I will, *with permission*, answer this and the following question together." It is automatic. Nobody ever objects. Until to-day.

Dr. MORGAN, in face of the formula, threw everybody into confusion by crying: "No, I can't give permission for that!"

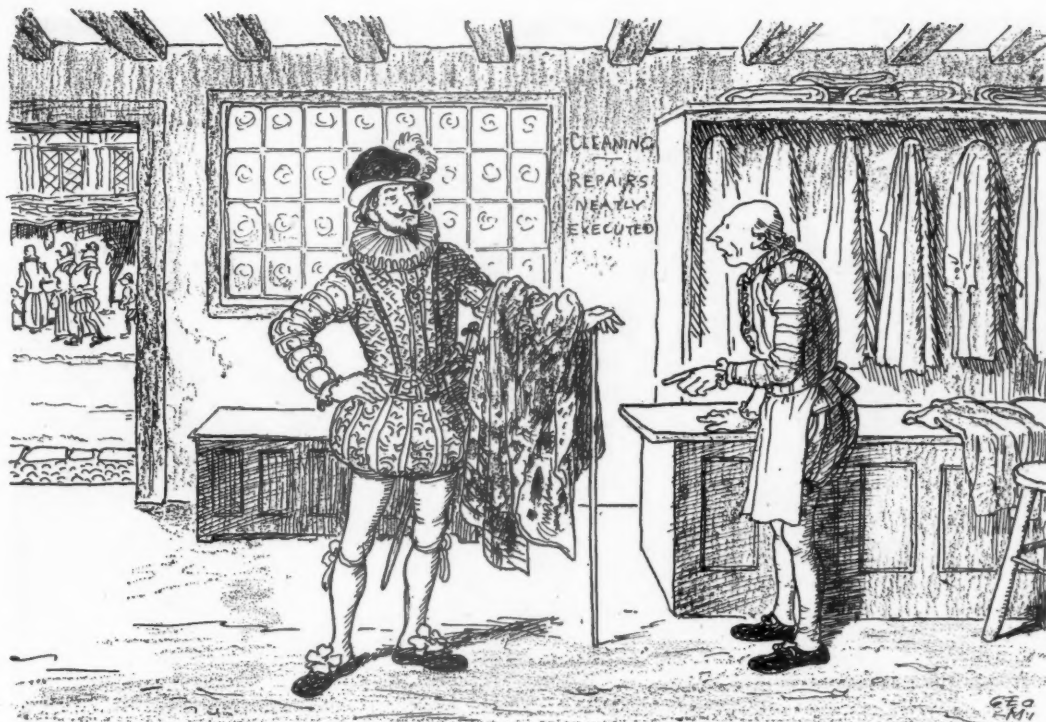
Miss FLORENCE HORSBRUGH, of the Ministry of Health, who was about to make the reply, hesitated. Mr. Speaker looked up, astonishment on his face. Members held their breath. Dr. MORGAN folded his arms in stern determination. Then everything went on again, as it has for generations. Miss HORSBRUGH gave her telescoped reply, and not even Dr. MORGAN objected.

Mr. HENRY WILLINK, the Minister of Health, who is anything but dry in his style, opened a debate on a scheme for a national water policy. This will make water available to all, it is hoped, and end droughts by seeing that what water there is is evenly spread over the land—or under the land, since the main feature of the scheme is to give pipe-line supplies to all.

It was an interesting debate, and some M.P.s displayed astonishing knowledge of the subject.

Thursday, May 4th.—A kilted figure got all the attention in the House to-day. It was that of Brigadier MACLEAN, who, during most of the time he has been Conservative M.P. for Lancaster, has been British representative with Marshal Tito in German-occupied Yugo-Slavia.

The Brigadier (not surprisingly) seemed to find the proceedings a little lacking in excitement.



"I'm sorry Mr. Raleigh, but it will be a month before we can accept any more cloaks for cleaning."

Smoking Prohibited

IT is nearly an hour since I had a smoke. My fingers stray towards the satisfying bulge in my pocket, shaped and fashioned from the sleek but undistinguished symmetry of a new coat by months of loving work with a pipe. The bulge is still there, will no doubt be there as long as I can make do with the coat, but it is now a hollow fraud, empty. To my over-confident fingers this discovery comes like a sharp rap over the knuckles. Impossible to explain to my fingers that my doctor has ordered me to give up smoking.

Difficult, indeed, to explain convincingly to anyone, especially in print. It always seems mildly funny to read of an unreal doctor ordering a two-dimensional patient to forgo an intangible pleasure like smoking. But when it suddenly becomes real life it is not even mildly funny; one would search the dictionary in vain for a more inappropriate adjective. I will try; the vainer the search the greater the distraction.

I have now of course an excellent opportunity for a display of courage in adversity. Yet when in the past I have wished to display courage in adversity the occasion has never been lacking. It was surely not necessary for me to give up smoking merely to show courage in adversity? Tea, perhaps—how I should miss my early morning tea! Or my evening coffee. Or my few cigarettes. But smoking! I must look up my Book of Job again. I doubt whether even Job . . .

But let me seize the opportunity that has arisen. By now I might have been half-way through my next pipe. How much better I begin to feel already! There is a freshness and purity about me that I hardly recognize, an unwonted rudeness of health, and at the same time a certain unsatisfied longing that brings back irresistibly the tang of youth. I really begin to feel young again. I must lark about for five minutes. . . . There! For a little while I recaptured my school-days—except that at school I was

never without a few cigarettes in my pocket.

Courage! It is said that the first six months are the worst. Nearly an hour has gone already. Let me pray that my doctor was right when he assured me that in five years all desire for tobacco and cigarettes would have gone—whether I gave them up or not, he added in a sinister manner. I remember, by the way, that he did not explicitly mention cigars. Perhaps he thought I had no desire for cigars. If so he was right—at the time; but he could not foresee the future. Perhaps just one cigar a day—? But no. He is a great friend of mine and I must not let him down.

However, there is always the chance that inside five years he will be dead—of oversmoking, I hope—and I shall be free to choose another, more reasonable, more discerning one who will not presume to blow away the greatest pleasure of my life between two puffs of his own cigarette.



"Don't men look ridiculous when they're pretending to be asleep?"

Letter to an American

DEAR FRIEND,—You do not know me, but I believe I may call you that. I am sending you a book, and I will tell you why. It is a bomb story, I confess, but I dare say you can stand it.

Not long ago, during the last Air Raid Warning Red worth bothering about, a small patrol vessel was stemming the tide just below Waterloo Bridge. It was remarkable—and this is part of the point—that she should be under way in that particular reach that particular night. For when we left our moorings there was still some rope left on the starboard propeller, and the port petrol tank was leaking and had a bucket under it—not a reassuring condition for navigation in the blitz. Moreover, as soon as we cast off, the port throttle wire carried away—it was one of those nights—and we drifted sideways through Westminster Bridge. However, we pulled ourselves and everything together and proceeded on our patrol.

When the All Clear went there was

a considerable fire on the port bow not very far from the river. I said to my crew, jocular-like and not really meaning it, "I bet that's my publishers'. Hitler's after me." (He had in fact dropped four incendiaries on my little home a week or two earlier, but was thwarted gallantly by wife and neighbours.) There seemed to be nothing requiring our attention on the river, so we secured alongside the *Discovery* (Captain Scott's old ship) and two of us trudged up the hill towards the fire.

When we reached the scene of the "incident" blow me if it wasn't my publishers', Messrs. M——. At least it was the next house. M——'s was not yet alight, but the firemen, bold and busy as usual next door, were doing their best to destroy my publishers' stock with water. Well, there was only a fire-watcher (or two) on the premises, and we thought we would do what we could (in the old days it was quite a common thing to meet sailors in bell-bottomed

trousers on the roofs of riverside houses). So we splashed into the basement and began bringing up books.

A publisher's basement must be a solemn enough sight at the best of times. All those massed brown-paper bundles, all those concentrated hours of toil and thought, all those acres of entertainment and instruction, all those poor authors imprisoned in the dungeon and dumbly demanding to be taken upstairs and sold. Now, in the darkness, with water dripping on to the tops of the bundles and lapping about their bases and fire not far away, the spectacle was grim. I flashed my torch upon author after author and wondered which of my respected rivals I should save. The honest sailor with me seized the first bundle he saw and splashed away upstairs. For him a book was a book. But I wandered on through the brown-paper alleys, anxiously exercising my judgment. I owed it to the world. For the first time I had become a literary critic. There were masses

of the works of my dear friend X—; and mountains of the work of old Y—; and quite a lot of that delightful writer Z—. There were also many masses of a book about a girls' school. It would be quite impossible, without a powerful working party, to save them all. Nowadays, if a publisher's stocks are burned out, those particular books are dead for the duration at least. It was an interesting, a heavy thought, that through my own personal choice some of the works of dear old X—, Y—, and Z— might be lost for ever—or live.

My mate came back and grabbed another bundle of the girls'-school book. "How angry X— and Y— would be," I thought, "to see that!" He had not, I gathered, received much encouragement from the fire-watchers upstairs. "He says, 'Don't worry. It's all insured.'"

"It's all insured." I took a poor view of that, sir. "Tell him," I said, "that publishers may be insured, but authors are not. They get no compensation for the loss of prospective royalties. Tell him also that down here there are in danger millions of man-hours of entertainment and instruction which can never be—" But the gallant sailor had gone.

Meanwhile, I had not saved a thing myself. Aha! I see a bundle labelled BELLOC: and I am proud to say that I grab that and hurry it aloft. I know you will not press me to say which bundles I selected next: I shall not tell you if you do.

They were not numerous; for soon M—'s caught fire at the back. The firemen entered the building and summoned us upstairs.

Now, in my wanderings below I had come across no bundles of my own. (All sold, no doubt!) But I did find a single damp copy of a book of mine called —. It is rather a fat book. I put it in the open pocket of my overcoat—not for salvage, but for souvenir. It is not every day, after all, that an author happens to be present when his own publisher is destroyed by the enemy.

Upstairs I found a very tall, fierce fireman cross-examining my mate. He was naturally a little mystified by the presence of two sailors at this literary "incident". I intervened and made things fairly clear, I hope. But while I spoke I noticed his eyes severely directed towards the fat book protruding from my pocket: and I thought "Gracious! I am going to be arrested for looting one of my own books." But the fireman spared me, and we were politely ejected.

The damage, in the end, by the way,

was not so bad. Some sort of a delayed incendiary was lying on the leads just outside the window of the room where dear old E. V. Lucas used to work. (How he would have hated all this!) It burned out the back part—chiefly school books. But the firemen were not deterred by the fact that it was all insured and saved most of the rest.

And now for the last coincidence. When we got aboard again my mate showed me his "souvenir". It was a letter from a customer on which he had happened to notice my name, so he picked it up from the watery floor. It was a letter from an American in Washington saying that he had tried hard to get a copy of Mr. H—'s book —, but had failed. Could Messrs. M— do anything about it? The book mentioned was the fat book I had in my pocket, and I believe it was the last one in stock. The letter

was from you, sir. So I am sending you the book, very proud that you should want it. And if you don't enjoy it at least it will be a *souvenir de blitz*, and a token of the friendship of our two countries.

Yours sincerely,
A. P. H.

Encyclopædias for the Troops

MR. PUNCH is informed that the troops, or organizations on their behalf, are badly in need of copies of the twelfth (or a later) edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He asks that any reader who can spare such an edition should arrange to send it to the Central Services Book Depot, Artillery House, Handel Street, London, W.C.1.



"Been the same for centuries—Dons up there, Subalterns down here."

At the Play

"JILL, DARLING!" (WINTER GARDEN)

THIS week, for once, we have no murders to report. *Jill, Darling!* is off the crime sheet, even though Mr. ARTHUR RISCOE, at first in a frilled nightdress, later in a spangled green frock, does occupy a cell at Bunting village police-station for an agitated ten minutes. The Jack-and-Jill romp, with Mr. RISCOE in charge, is now nearly ten years old, and it bears revival unexpectedly well. Perhaps it was a mistake to have blurred its olde-worlde charm by references to Algerian wine and to the "Home and Forces programme." The piece is pure 1934-5, and should be kept reverently within the period.

No war-time by-election has yet thrown up such a dubious free-lance as *Pendleton Brooks*. At the Winter Garden he is standing as Temperance candidate for what would appear to be *Sir Timothy Bunting's* private constituency. His habits and his speeches do not mix; while he is temporarily out of action at Bunting Hall, *Jack Crawford* (Mr. RISCOE) takes his place. That is as much as we need say about a plot with as many kinks in it as a ball of wool. The evening belongs to *Idle Jack*. He enters, from the car park, with a bang: by the time he is sure of Miss CAROLE LYNN's *Jill*, some six scenes on, he has impersonated so many people and things, from a good-tempered lighthouse to a far from dumb waiter, that it is a relief to find at curtain-fall that he can still impersonate himself.

Mr. RISCOE, one of our most mobile comedians, has an enviable sense of timing and an eye of "saucy and audacious eloquence." Whether he is knitting an odd patchwork of dialects into his speech on a new beverage plan, conducting the orchestra with a sudden absorbed enjoyment, or merely baying the moon in the garden of Bunting Hall, he never fails to command both stage and audience. He is fortunate in his partner. *Jill* (created by Miss FRANCES DAY) has some of

the best songs in a score by Mr. VIVIAN ELLIS, who writes civilized light music; Miss LYNN, besides singing pleasantly, helps the plot by going Hungarian (urgent cue for costume-designer) and even by committing arson off-stage.

All told, this is a friendly affair, a pattern musical comedy of its year. It is equipped, among other aids, with Mr. FRANK ROYDE's thunderous *Colonel* who detonates in the Pink Room of the Double Six Road House

TWO PLAYS BY MOLIÈRE (ARTS)

THE company of the Théâtre Molière offers French without tears—an English version of *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, called now *Doctor Without Medicine*, followed by the single act of *Les Précieuses Ridicules* in the original. Both are performed with comic vivacity, though it is a palpable relief to these bi-lingual players when they can cease to grapple with an English translation and can fall at last into their natural rhythms.

Doctor Without Medicine suffers a little from inaudibility. (On the first night passages here and there were not so much spoken Molière as Molière mimed.) However, M. PAUL BONIFAS is able to provide a most drolly expressive portrait of *Sganarelle*, the woodcutter-turned-physician; Mlle. SUZIE MARQUIS attacks the nurse *Jacqueline* with ample vigour; and Mr. RICHARD WORDSWORTH, one of the English members of the cast, chooses a warm Scots accent for *Jacqueline's* husband and thus agreeably represents the Auld Alliance.

Inevitably, *Les Précieuses* has far more fluency, pace, and glitter. Here M. BONIFAS is ripely in the tradition as the masquerading valet, an expansive study of much variety and good humour. This *Mascarille* is accompanied later on by M. GEORGES REX as the false Vicomte, whose ultimate removal of layer upon layer of waistcoats reminds one of the vanished business for the Gravedigger

in *Hamlet*. As the novel-fed romantics *Madelon* and *Cathos*, Mlle. MARQUIS and Mlle. ELMA SOIRON are what the Lady Angela, two centuries ahead, would have called perceptively intense and consummately utter—performances admirable in their wit and relish. M. PAUL CLARUS is properly downright as the exasperated citizen who commits to the devil all "romances, verses, songs, sonnets, and sonatas." Those who are used to the ritual of Speech-day Molière should see this production. They will understand then why the old Parisian cried long ago from the middle of the pit: "Take courage, Molière, this is a good comedy."

J. C. T.



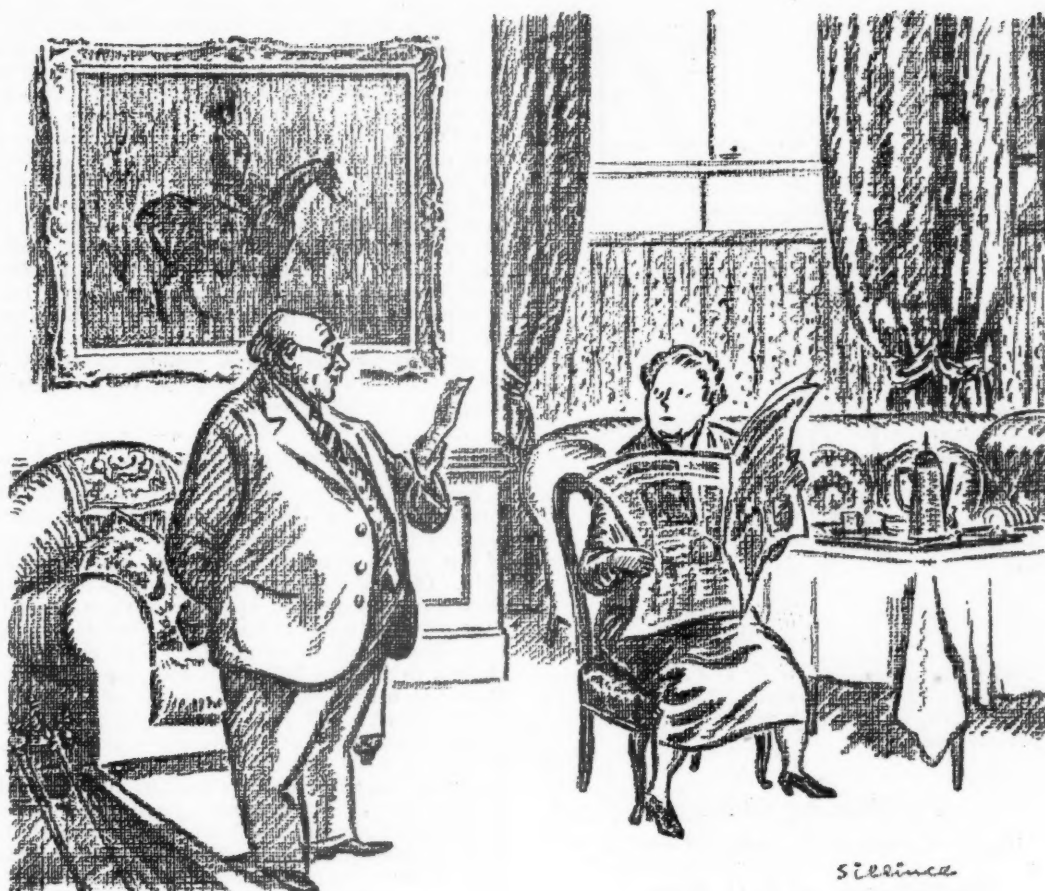
RETURN OF PRODIGAL SUNSHINE

Colonel Crawford	MR. FRANK ROYDE
Jack Crawford	MR. ARTHUR RISCOE
Jill Sonning	MISS CAROLE LYNN

(what could be more of the period than that?), the eyebrows of Mr. SEBASTIAN SMITH's *Sir Timothy Bunting*, and the efficient second-fiddling of Miss MARJORIE SANDFORD and Mr. BOBBY DELANEY. One would like more of Miss BUNTY COOTE, who endows a difficult young woman with the tones of a pedantic ringdove.

No doubt the piece drifts on too long. In the second half Mr. MARRIOTT EDGAR's book sheds its rapture. Still, Mr. RISCOE is usually about—ready to "come the warbles," to find a fresh costume or two, and to guide us, by way of a family rally at the local police-station, to the haven of the finale.

J. C. T.



"Dear old Professor Higgins—STILL dating his letters 1945!"

Ready, Aye, Ready!

THIS canteen has been requested to provide tea and sandwiches for 43 soldiers at a secret and confidential rendezvous at 0630 a.m. in the morning.

Will the good ladies concerned kindly note the following detail?

The Lady Servers and the two Tea Urns will proceed in the van to the secret and confidential rendezvous at Monk's Farm. Owing to lack of space in this vehicle, the remainder of the provisions will be carried on the tricycle conveyer.

The tricycle conveyor will be propelled by Miss Prangle. Will this good lady please remember that the brake for this machine is the large

handle which protrudes from beneath the saddle?

Mrs. Daunceton-Withby will report with the van at the front door of Battle H.Q. (The Laburnums) and then proceed to park this vehicle in the lane which runs between Battle H.Q. and the Council offices. Please note that the Council have had the side guttering replaced since our last exercise.

The Misses Garde and Baskett will proceed to the builder's yard and collect the usual truck, with which they will proceed to the kitchen door of Battle H.Q. When transporting the Tea Urns to the van, these ladies should remember that it is essential to bear a little heavily on the handle of

the truck in order to maintain the correct point of balance. Also, the Tea Urns should be placed centrally upon the platform of the truck.

Miss Prangle not being sure of her route, the van will proceed at a speed which recognizes this lady's efforts on the pedals.

All the above-mentioned will please report at 0530 a.m. in the morning at Battle H.Q.

Let us adopt as our watchword for this exercise "Ready, Aye, Ready!"

Please bang loudly on the front door of Battle H.Q. when you arrive for duty. Mrs. Whistle cannot rely implicitly upon her alarm.

(Sgnd) A. WHISTLE (Mrs.),
O/C Canteen.



"And if you DO have to call the N.F.S. in, don't stand around like a lot of dummies. Do something. Fall over hoses, get thoroughly wet, make a nuisance of yourselves generally."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

The Philosophy of H. G. Wells

AN appendix at the end of this book ('42 to '44: *A Contemporary Memoir upon Human Behaviour During the Crisis of the World Revolution*. By H. G. WELLS. SECKER AND WARBURG. £2 2s. contains the thesis which Mr. WELLS wrote for a doctorate of science at London University. The thesis is entitled "On the Quality of Illusion in the Continuity of the Individual Life in the Higher Metazoa, with particular reference to the species *Homo Sapiens*," and its argument is that each human being is "a multitude of loosely-linked series of behaviour systems which take control of the body and participate in a common delusion of being one single self." John Smith believes himself to be one person, but is really "a collection of mutually replaceable individual systems held together in a common habitation." For various reasons, too complex to be dealt with in a short review, Mr. WELLS in one of his moods has always been hostile to the individual, not only denying him a soul, but also depriving him of significance in this life. He does not believe in what he calls the Myth of Great Men, holding, for example, that the plays of Shakespeare were not the work of a single individual but of "the Globe Theatre Association." In another of his moods Mr. WELLS is extremely individualistic, and at the end of this thesis, oblivious of his opening argument that the single self is an illusion, speaks of an "emergent élite" of scientific workers who will experience a mystical enlargement that will "lift them into a new atmosphere of self-knowledge, mutual understanding,

tolerance and mellowed judgment which will mitigate profoundly the confused motivation of that long 'Martyrdom of Mankind' which is now drawing to an end." The memoir to which this appendix is attached gives little foretaste of the harmony mankind is shortly to enjoy. Not much in the contemporary scene appears to please Mr. WELLS. The Communist party and the Roman Catholic Church "vie now with one another in contriving dissension for the days ahead." "A vast illiterate thoughtless instability; that is the United States." General de Gaulle "will have to disappear, and the sooner he disappears the better." Sir Richard Acland's "intelligence is very limited and unstable, he is as imitative as a monkey. . . . I dislike him." Lord Vansittart has an "execrable temper." But when he writes of Beatrice Webb, his natural kindness appears. "We bickered a great deal in the years past," he says, and it may console his present victims to reflect that if Mr. WELLS outlives them, they may be as tenderly commemorated as Mrs. Webb.

H. K.

The Shouting Dies.

With admirable insight into our future needs—after all, forewarned is fore-disarmed—Miss PHYLLIS BOTTOMER'S new novel comments on many of the posthumous problems of this war in terms of the anguish, folly and villainy of 1918. *Old Wine* (FABER, 8/6) discovers four aristocratic Austrians submerged in what one of them ironically calls "the purifying ocean of democracy" and deciding whether they should sink or swim. *Otto, Graf von Wolkenheim* chooses to jettison his morals and save his estates. He throws in his lot with the financiers of the new regime. *Franz Salvator* and his sister *Eugénie, Princess Felsor* prefer semi-starvation and honest work. *Eugen, Baron Eudödy*, who has invested a competence elsewhere, retains a bachelor paradise run by a peasant mistress, and a foot in both camps. The personnel, English and American, of Allied Relief Missions and journalism, generously horrified at their close-ups of the results of the first war for freedom, play an important part in accelerating *Otto's* damnation and the precarious survival of his less spineless cousins. This is a sustaining as well as a highly palatable novel; and its rare impartiality is signally shown in its characteristic portraits of Viennese Jews—from *Otto's* odious mistress *Elizabeth Bleileben* to *Eugénie's* devoted chief-of-staff *Dr. Carl Seiteles*.

H. P. E.

Western Buddhists

IN *The Flight From Conflict* (WATTS, 2/-) Mr. LAURENCE COLLIER vigorously denounces the doctrines of Mr. Aldous Huxley in contrast with two dicta of their common grandfather (T. H. Huxley): (1) "The ethical progress of society depends not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it," and (2) for coping with the essential evil of the world "we should cast aside the notion that the escape from pain and sorrow is the proper object of life." He realized, however, that the doctrines of the Sufis and the Buddhists might be revived in the West by philosophers anxious to run away from the cosmic process into a quietist retreat, though as Mr. COLLIER points out, he did not foresee that his own grandson (Mr. Aldous Huxley) "would be among the Western Buddhists." Huxley had of course a strong bias towards the Christian morality of Western Europe, but he also realized that any high degree of civilization tends to the avoidance of pain and sorrow and to the non-resistance attitude of a man like Epictetus living under tyranny, or to the dislike expressed by the citizens of Peking for events breaking into their lives. Mr. COLLIER avoids Christian

examples, but relies on the humanitarian activities of men like the French Encyclopædists in the eighteenth century as evidence of the moral impulse. Through the ages peace has brought civilization, beauty and intellectual activity, only to be partially or totally destroyed from time to time by bestial savages outside the pale—to-day typically represented by Germany and Japan. But unluckily the modern savage has all the mechanical resources of modern science, including not only facilities for titanic destruction but also for propaganda to poison the mass-mind with totalitarian hatred of individual development. For this reason human liberty is the supreme issue of to-day, and that is why the conflict must be faced and not shirked.

E. S. P. H.

Warrior-Queen

The matronly figure of Boadicea has never come amiss as fuel to patriotic fire. True, Fletcher found her a trifle unfeminine for his Jacobean, but he scored a point for us when he painted her as defeating the "big-boned Germans" as well as the Romans who imported them. Cowper tied her compactly up into a neat little ode, and Tennyson made the "yellow-ringed Britoness" an excuse for metrical jugglery with the names of the confederate tribes she headed. Miss GEVA RIDEAL, who more correctly calls her "Boudicca," is probably the first to exploit her possibilities in a novel: slender possibilities, one feels, for only poetic inspiration could breathe life into the dead bones of A.D. 43. What can be done, however, to convey character by attitude and action is done in *Stern Heritage* (DAKERS, 8/6). The necessary properties (and anthropology, after all, is founded on properties) are in their correct places—houses, pottery, chariots, weapons, ornaments. It is the dialogue that falls short. It is neither a workable convention nor any sort of approximation to the original Celtic and Latin. No glamour of the *Mabinogion* or of "Trimalchio's Feast" lifts out of contemporary squalor what should have been a great scene—the "entertainment" by Claudius Caesar of the defeated queen and her husband Prasutagus.

H. P. E.

An American Publisher

A publisher with a love of reading which has survived the thousands of manuscripts he has had to examine in his business life, Mr. FERRIS GREENSLET represents that branch of American culture which has its roots in English and European literature, and has written a very pleasant autobiography (*Under the Bridge*, COLLINS, 8/6) which is more in tune with the age of Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes than the age of Hemingway and William Faulkner. In his youth he reviewed for the *Nation*, which he describes as the one paper in America "for a reviewer who wanted to quote Latin." His first book was a biography of Joseph Glanvill, an English worthy of the seventeenth century; his second a biography of Walter Pater, in which he strove, in accordance with Pater's own critical practice, to achieve a purely æsthetic disengagement and reproduction of that author's aroma or bouquet. His natural vivacity, however, saved him from the solemn adoration of Pater's English disciples, and when a rival biographer, Thomas Wright, produced a book of one thousand pages on Pater, Mr. GREENSLET reviewed it in the *Nation* as the failure of the Boswellian method when applied by a man not a Boswell to a subject not a Johnson. Mr. GREENSLET has visited England more than twenty times, and approves Montesquieu's saying—"No people have true common sense but those who are born in England." A close friendship with John Buchan helped him to become acquainted with

England in its most pleasurable aspects, and perhaps the most vivid page in the book describes a week of "deep, poignant, half-shamefaced satisfaction" which they spent together during the last war at Dulverton in West Somerset. The days were passed in trout-fishing along banks of daffodils, amid flocks of newborn lambs, and "after brief evenings around a vast English billiard table, replete with mutton, strawberry tart, clotted cream, and Devonshire cider, we slept the sleep the honest angler knows." Returning to London he was present at some manœuvres, and having asked a sergeant if the Germans were going to be licked was told they would be, because "they ain't a military nation like we."

H. K.

East Meets West.

Indigo (COLLINS, 10/6), by Mrs. CHRISTINE WESTON, is described as being primarily a history of friendship between three young men—a Frenchman, a Hindu and the son of an English Army officer. So far as *Jacques* is concerned most of his friendships, as well as his infatuation for a woman of seventy and his love for an English girl, are a bit too wistful and, much as one dislikes his bigoted mother (the owner of the indigo plantation) and his hateful bigoted sister, one finds it difficult to blame their thwarting instincts. The story begins during the Boer war and ends during the last great war when unrest was surging in India and only very open minds could prevent friendships from closing. Mrs. WESTON neither waves flags nor grinds axes. She writes well always and sometimes beautifully, but it is her understanding of character as well as her portrayal of it that makes her book a commentary which gains value because she missed the English education and spent most of her young life in India. The conversations she puts into the mouths of her young men may be sententious and in advance of their years, but the thoughts they express are as sound as the Englishman's statement, "To know the real, one must first have experienced the false." There is a good story as well as ideas in the book.

B. E. B.



Hollowood

"We must get out of our heads once and for all the silly notion that the war will end in the particular year 1944—or in any other particular year, for that matter."

Not Without Reason

I AM returning from leave.

What has happened in my absence? What unpleasant news is waiting for me this time, I should like to know? During the first few days at home the fact that I received no urgent messages was reassuring. During the last few it caused me grave concern. Something must have happened in all that time, and they are waiting for me to get back before they tell me what. I shall not know whether to go straight to bed, or to go into the mess and get it over.

The most likely thing is that I have been posted, or that all my favourite N.C.O.s have been transferred. Or maybe somebody else has taken over my company, and I shall be surplus.

The light is failing. In this train it is like going to a funeral. Once your leave is over, the sooner you get back and find out what dirty tricks they have been up to behind your back the better.

Ah, this is the junction. Ours is the next stop now.

Looking out of the window I see to my surprise on the far platform, in the depressing half-light, three of our officers. What can they be doing at this time of day, going in that direction? Shall I call out and ask? No, they will not be able to tell me in detail, and it will worry me more, only knowing half. Something has happened, it must have done. If they were going on leave they would look happier; if they were going on a course they would have left earlier. It must mean the entire unit is on the move and they are the advance guard. I wonder if my office is dismantled and, if so, who has looked after my things. Ah, one of them has recognized me. My haggard interrogatory expression is significant. He has whispered to one and nudged the other. They have reached agreement, I see. They all face me with chins up, and they salute; it is such a salute that they must know I am doomed. Obviously they are sorry for me and respect my position. Touched as I am, I do not know how to reply, because I am sitting down and have no hat. I can rise, though, which I do, and I stand erect at the window, like an aristocrat in the tumbrel, showing them I can take it, whatever it is. Then the

train starts with a yank that takes my body on and leaves my neck where it was. I am now on the knees of the person opposite. . . .

Thank goodness, this is my station at last. I look along the platform and feel lost. Has the place been hit by a bomb or what? Perhaps it is just that there is nobody here to meet me. Not that I expected anyone, but it is significant. Is that a car outside? I believe it is. Why should they send a car for me? Only for some urgent and immediate reason. I go out and pause; yes, there is a car, but who is it for? I open the door and the driver, who must have been asleep, nearly falls out. We peer at each other from embarrassingly close quarters, trying to make each other out, but not speaking. At last, as he takes his nose out of my eye, I ask hoarsely whether he is for me, and he says No, he is for Major Somebody I have never heard of. Why is a car meeting him, and not me? Has he got my job? I shall certainly not wait to share the car with him if he has. I shall hurry on and find out.

I am put down at the gates by taxi.

Everything is strangely hushed, whether out of respect for somebody

who has died, or because I am returning from leave, is more than I can say. In the gloaming the mess garden looks unfamiliar and hostile. Shadowy figures pass across my front; black shapes; candidly I would not like to bet whether these are Scott and Whaley or two A.T.S. officers. I wonder if the mess will be closed and a card left on the door saying "Gone Away . . . If returning from leave, report to the R.T.O." I hesitate in the hall. In the anteroom a long figure is reading in a chair with his back to me. As he is wearing a Sam Browne I suppose he is Orderly Officer; but I do not recognize him, so this can only mean some other unit has taken over already. I stand like a new boy, and he turns apologetically.

"Good evening, sir."

"Hullo, where's everybody?"

"They're all at the Ensa show."

"Oh, is that all? I thought we were under orders."

I shuffle on my feet. The presence of this chap is suspicious. They have probably exchanged him for my favourite subaltern.

"Whose place have you taken?" I ask.

"Nobody's, sir. I'm surplus."

I start looking through Battalion Orders, but find nothing interesting. . . . It is nine o'clock. The mess fills rapidly. Everyone comes back from Ensa with a rush, talking too much and too loudly. Some rub their hands because it is cold and others because they are being stood a drink. I join in the bright chat forcedly.

"Good show," says someone, "wasn't it?"

"I don't know," I explain. "I've only just got back."

They seem astonished. "Good heavens! Have you been on leave again?"

I can resist it no longer.

"Yes," I retort, "I have. And what I want to know is, has anything happened while I've been away?"

"No, not a thing."

They dismiss me—as uninteresting. I bet something *has* happened, all the same, and it will all gradually come to light in the course of the next three months. I tell you, a fellow returning from leave does not feel like this without reason.



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When I can get it, I prefer

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The popular British Cigar with
the mild Havana
flavour.

**CARASADA
INTERMEZZOS**

Elegant shape
5 1/2 inches long,
as illustrat-
ed.

In Boxes of
25 and 50 each

GREEN'S LTD.,
Cigar Importers,
37 & 38, Royal Exchange,
Cornhill, London, E.C.3

On every polished floor



**GUARANTEED
100% NON-SLIP**

Furmoto shines floors like glass—produces a hard, tread-proof and waterproof surface on any kind of flooring and linoleum—yet on it you can't slip an inch. Because of this it is the only polish you should use. Avoid accident claims as result of anyone falling on slippery floors. You are absolutely safe with Furmoto, for with every tin is given

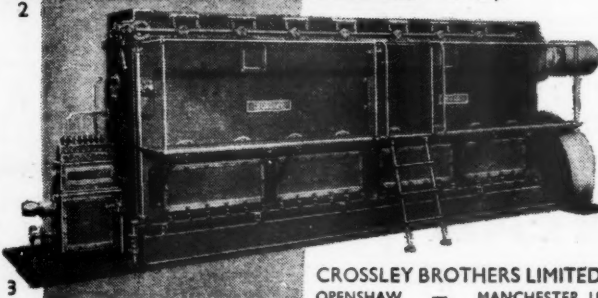
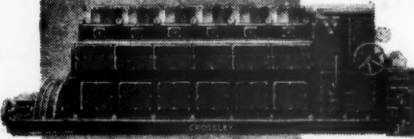
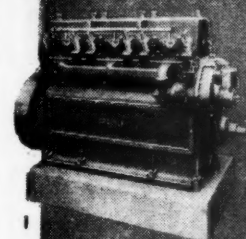
£100 FREE INSURANCE AGAINST SLIPPING

Sold in 2/- tins and larger sizes at Oilshops, Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

**Furmoto non-slip
FLOOR CREAM**

In case of difficulty write for name of nearest stockist to:
FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3, Brixton Road, S.W.9

CROSSLEY DIESEL ENGINES



THE illustrations show
three types of Crossley
diesels largely in use in
power stations, and for ship
propulsion and auxiliaries.

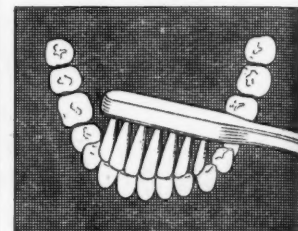
POWERS • 3-3000 B.H.P.

- 1 High speed—6 cylinders,
120 b.h.p.
- 2 Scavenge-pump type,
direct-reversing, marine
propulsion—6 cylinders,
330 b.h.p.
- 3 4 stroke—8 cylinders,
800 b.h.p.

CROSSLEY BROTHERS LIMITED
OPNSHAW — MANCHESTER 11



You can't pick apples with steps
that won't reach



BUT you can reach every part of
every tooth with a

Tek MADE IN ENGLAND
TOOTHBRUSH
BRISTLES 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5p
NYLON 1/6 Plus Purchase Tax 4p

Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON & JOHNSON
(Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough and Gargrave

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Cash's NAME TAPES

To avoid disappointment in the
delivery of future supplies customers
are urged to order from their Draper
well in advance. We regret that in
present circumstances we are unable
to execute orders with our usual
promptitude.

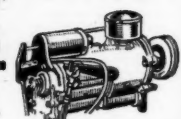
J. & J. CASH LTD., Dept. Pu.15, COVENTRY

**No more
of this →**

**Entirely
Automatic
CLUTCH
OPERATION**

by means of
THE

T.P.D.
AUTOMATIC
CLUTCH
CONTROL
UNIT



**LAYSTALL
ENGINEERING CO. LD.**
53, Gt. Suffolk Street, LONDON, S.E.1

ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE
SODA WATER
TONIC WATER

LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE
GRAPE FRUIT

'Will put ginger into the peace'

QUEEN ANNE

RARE SCOTCH WHISKY

IN THE
BETTER PLACES



Holders of Royal
Appointment to
successive Sove-
reigns since 1838

HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD
EDINBURGH. Est. 1793

Your Hair Brush rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in
worn brushes. Forward your Ivory,
Silver or Ebony brushes, when quota-
tion will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,
(Dept. L.A.)

64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4



My dear! you can't
be too careful . . .

I know one is a perfect miser with Air Spun, but when you are offered Air Spun you do want Air Spun. It's the packs the problem, darling. The powder puff design and the square one with the refill envelope are O.K.; but restrictions are compelling this well known design to disappear, so Coty have brought out a new box. Plain primrose yellow with a dinky little window. So Spartan! but the powder is pre-war Air Spun quality! Don't buy Air Spun in any other form of pack but these three or you may get a substitute.



Both these
packings
are still
on sale.

"AIR SPUN"

The face powder that stays on



THE NEW AUSTERITY
WAR TIME PACKING

The Mark of Maintained
Supremacy.
The Mark of Maintained
Service.



To own a **LOEWE PIPE** is to own a pipe whose leadership in quality has never been challenged. Take great care of it. Loewe briars are very scarce.

LOEWE FREE SERVICE. You are invited to send your Loewe Briars for cleaning by our experts which will preserve those in use or bring into service your past favourites.

LOEWE & Co., Ltd., 68 HAYMARKET, S.W.1

ANZORA

"MASTERS THE HAIR"

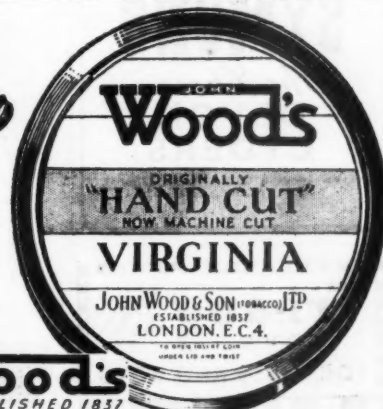
Does not soil
hats or pillows

The Tobacco

1oz.
3/0½d.

OBTAINABLE
EVERYWHERE

John Wood's
LONDON, E.C.4. ESTABLISHED 1837





"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

However many new truths medical science may discover, one remains unassailable; nerves need adequate supplies of organic phosphorus and protein. 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic contains organic phosphorus and protein in their most easily assimilable form. If you are feeling tired or run-down, ask your chemist for a tin of 'Sanatogen'.

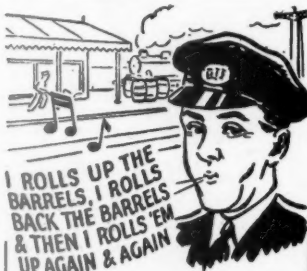
'SANATOGEN'

(Regd. Trade Mark)

NERVE TONIC

In one size only during war time—6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).

A 'GENATOSAN' Product.



I ROLLS UP THE BARRELS, I ROLLS BACK THE BARRELS & THEN I ROLLS 'EM UP AGAIN & AGAIN

Cyder is now distributed under a zoning plan in the National interests and if you are unable to obtain supplies of your favourite make it is because of the necessity for transport economy.

SYMONS'
The Choice
DEVON
CYDERS

John Symons & Co. Ltd., Tynan, Devon.
& Vetcher Row, Bath, London, E.14.



Sparklets

(REGD. TRADE MARK)

All available supplies of SPARKLETS BULBS are being distributed as equitably as possible. For the present, please "go easy with the soda" and return empty Bulbs promptly to your usual supplier.

HYGIENIC—CONVENIENT—ECONOMICAL



KEEP YOUR FEET RIGHT
AND HEAL ALL YOUR SKIN TROUBLES QUICKLY

HOMOCEA is the perfect OINTMENT prepared from those carefully selected ingredients which were prescribed by the CONSULTING CHEMISTS of our Great-grandfathers' time and fully endorsed by those of to-day.

HOMOCEA quickly penetrates and softens the skin. It heals little WOUNDS and SORES and soothes more serious SKIN AFFECTIONS. MANY THOUSANDS of people all over the WORLD use HOMOCEA every day of their lives and gain immense comfort from the protection it gives them.

The man who shaves every morning and has a TENDER SKIN rubs a little HOMOCEA on his face the night before. And what a colossal amount of discomfort he saves himself!

The ATHLETE The GOLFER The CYCLIST The men (and women too) who have to walk to the Station every morning. The SOLDIER THE MUNITION WORKER THE POSTMAN THE POLICEMAN. THE WOMAN WHO HOLES HER STOCKINGS AT THE HEEL because of a bit of hard skin.

ALL THESE AND MANY MORE need HOMOCEA and they can try it and test it without any risk. See the guarantee on every package.

HOMOCEA will generally prevent MOSQUITOES or MIDGES or BEES biting you if you smear it on your skin. If you neglect to do this and get bitten HOMOCEA will quickly relieve the pain and heal the wound. See what Mr. W. Herrod-Hemphill THE AUTHORITY ON BEE KEEPING says about Homocoes on page 50 of the BEE KEEPERS' GUIDE.

Buy a tin from your Chemist or Store. Use it for any SKIN TROUBLE you have, and, if you are not satisfied, return the carton to the makers and the full amount of your money will be refunded without question or quibble.

SUPPLIES ARE AVAILABLE AT THE CHEMISTS.

Homocoea
TOUCHES THE SPOT

LARGE TIN 1/6
FAMILY SIZE 3/4

THE HOMOCEA MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 46, ELSDON ROAD, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 4.

KUNZLE
QUALITY

ZONING RESTRICTS DISTRIBUTION
May conditions soon make KUNZLE
Chocolates and Cakes available to all

C. KUNZLE LTD., FIVE WAYS, BIRMINGHAM, 15

In the Land of the Maple

they **SWEAR** by **KOLYNOS!** of course

Apply described as an Empire Arsenal and an Empire Larder, Canada has also played the role of fairy godmother to many children evacuated from their homes in Gt. Britain. We may be quite sure that in acquiring new habits they will be encouraged to develop those instilled by their parents; washing behind their ears, for example, and cleaning their teeth night and morning—with KOLYNOS.

Safeguard Your Teeth!

With **KENT** Exclusive
BLENDED BRISTLES

- AVOID ABRASIVE ACTION.
- PREVENT INJURY TO ENAMEL AND GUMS.

KENT OF LONDON
Best British Brushes

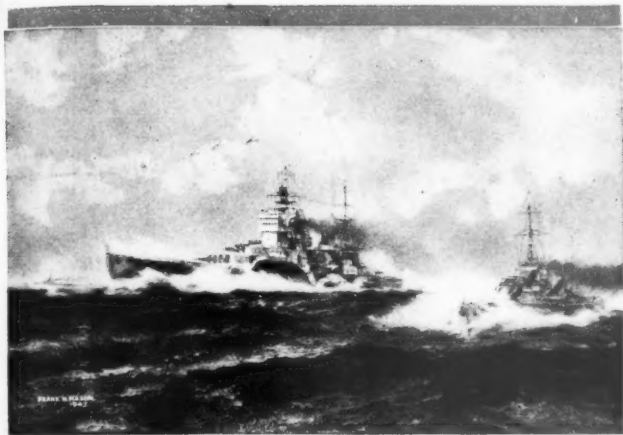
WARDONIA
BLADES

FOR BETTER SHAVES.
SOLD BY NAAFI.

FOR **Rheumatism** AND ALL KINDRED ILLS
CURICONES

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

ASK YOUR TAILOR to use
Redi-bilt
INTERLININGS
ON YOUR NEXT SUIT



SHIP OF THE LINE. Specially painted by Frank H. Mason, R.I.

Sinews of the fleet

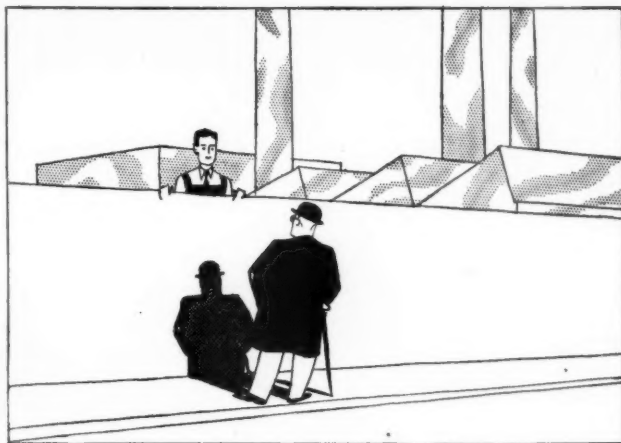
In Nelson's day, hemp cordage was described as "the sinews of the fleet." Modern battle-ships, and naval craft of all types, still rely on hemp and wire ropes, which are vital ship's equipment. War conditions mean special requirements—and new types of cordage—to satisfy these needs. British Ropes Ltd. have provided such ropes. "Bryanising," the last word in galvanising, provides the strongest possible protection against corrosion in wire ropes. "Seatite" Sisal Rope, which is rot-proofed and waterproofed, swells less and is easier to handle than any other rope hitherto made from sisal. These, and many other improved processes, are our contribution to the maintenance of our sea services.

BRITISH ROPES LIMITED

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Stores at Falmouth • Southampton • Bristol • Liverpool • Hull • Newcastle • Glasgow



We'd like to tell you, but . . .

We'd like to tell you of the important ways in which Austin engineers and Austin engineering are contributing to the nation's needs. We're proud of these things—and with good reason.

But our lips are sealed by the Secret List. Until the time comes when the story can be told, we must carry on the good work in silence.

AUSTIN

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

S.D. 233

Take care of your hair!

Your scalp should be loose on your skull if you want your hair to be healthy. A tight scalp encourages scurf and dandruff and leads to premature thinning of the hair. Half-a-minute's fingertip massage of the scalp every night and morning will stimulate blood circulation to your hair roots and do much to keep your scalp loose and hair healthy. Round off the treatment with a very little Brylcreem every few days. With so much less Brylcreem available it's all the more important to take care of your hair.

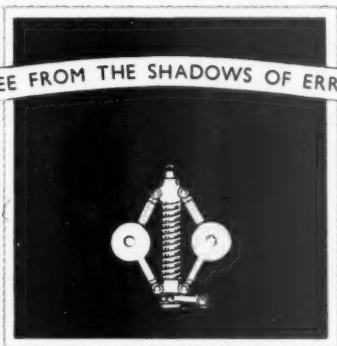
BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

Courtesy Perfumery Co., Ltd., 17-19 Stratford Place, London, W.1.

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FREE FROM THE SHADOWS OF ERROR



WE
CAN CONTROL
SPEED
WITHIN
0.3%

Iso-Speedic

The Iso-Speedic Company Ltd., Coventry

**When it's all over, we'll go
back to "the start"**

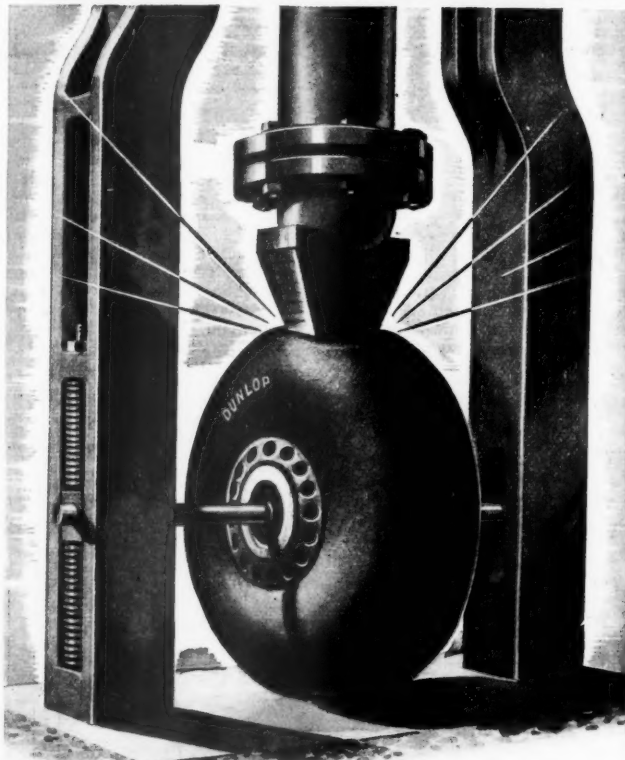
Competition motoring was the cradle of the mechanized arm and the finest course of training for eye, nerve and endurance. M.G. have harnessed their technical skill and resources to the common cause. M.G. owners are putting up a grand show in the greatest Test of all. But remember, after the Berlin "date", there's that early morning one at Beaconsfield in the Chiltern Trial. M.G. will be there....



N A
NUFFIELD
PRODUCT



MECHANICAL KERBSTONE



Valuable lives, delicate instruments, and costly machines depend on bringing a twenty-ton bomber safely to earth. Dunlop, whose task it is to provide the tyres for the job, require to know *beyond doubt* just what must be done to save crew and machine from irreparable shock. Hence the "mechanical kerbstone."

In this contrivance, evolved by Dunlop, the tyre is struck a colossal thwack several times, comparable to the fierce impact that faces a heavy bomber upon landing. Our men's lives depend on the exactness with which the lessons taught by this and other tests in the Dunlop works are embodied in the manufacture of aeroplane tyres.



DUNLOP